Dreams Of Wanting More

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Dreams Of Wanting More

by MintyEcco

Summary

Finding his mind continuously wandering to thoughts of Hannibal Lecter, Will Graham grows tired of this and in a fit of confidence goes to confront the issue. Expect when he arrives on Doctor Lecter's steps he begins to lose his nerves at the prospect of being turned down. Little does he know, however, that the Doctor has been having the same thoughts about him as well.

Notes

I come to you as someone who has not yet finished the series and happened to have a dream about Will and Hannibal kissing a few days ago.
I'm currently at the end of season one and let's just say- I don't want Will to go to jail. 😅 In reality I haven't had the time to put into it lately and emotionally I'm not prepared for things to go horribly wrong for Will.
HOWEVER, that does not stop me from having ideas about Hannigram. Which led me here.

See the end of the work for more notes

Obsession was the name of the game when it comes to Will Graham's job.

He was tasked with studying and breaking down how a serial killer worked. How their mind ticked away at the issue of the kill and how that would be relieved.

It was up to him to put together what no one else could in solving the more macabre and outlandish cases known to man.

So he obsessed.

He studied.

And he learned.

But to grow a similar obsession for anything else was— unusual.

Not unheard of, mind you, but very uncommon for him.

Especially now, with the Ripper and all, his mind should be focused on how to find the most prolific of the serial killers he's faced. At least that's what Jack seems to be set on him doing.

Of course he had to oblige what Jack wanted. Even if it was seeming more and more impossible with every passing day.

But that didn't matter when there was crimes to be stopped.

Murders to be prevented.

He told himself this over and over again when he'd find himself slipping into thoughts of Doctor Lecter.

Wondering what he's like outside of work.

If they could possibly become more than doctor and patient.

Perhaps it was silly of him to do this, but it didn't appear too inane from what he could tell.

Lecter similarly seemed to have a want for more from their sessions. The care he showed towards him as well told a very different story than the cold sternness Will had gotten used to when it came to doctors.

Not with Hannibal though.

He was cold but warm at the same time.

No other Doctor would go with him to get screenings done. At least none that he'd encountered before.

So he reflected, and he thought about this strange man who showed him so much care beyond the practice. Yet still would define their relationship as patient and doctor.

That was until one day he couldn't take it anymore.

Overwhelmed yet again by chasing another mad man down through his little quirk, and he no longer could handle this– straddling of the line.

Were they friends?

Were they a patient and doctor that had merely gotten too close?

Or– something else?

That something was what scared him the most.

A quiet yearning he'd found himself slipping into at the late hours of the morning.

Imagining what it would be like to be held by someone who showed that much care for him.

Laying in bed next to Hannibal and being able to feel safe in the knowledge that he was there next to him.

Where he already scolded himself over the more general idea of being Hannibal's friend this was too much.

He was already uncomfortable with his own desire for love, but from Hannibal? That was out of the question.

It was already too much that their relationship had gone as far as it had.

But to want to be cuddled at the dead of night by him? Well those thoughts could never be realized.

They were still there though as he arrived at Hannibal's lavish abode.

For someone who was only a practicing therapist he must have saved up a lot of cash from his time as a surgeon.

With a sigh of resignation he knocks on the door and waits.

After what feels like hours Hannibal appears in the doorway. No sign of surprise on his face, though he's not too great at showing emotion.

None of the people Will tends to be around are the best at showing how they feel, but Hannibal always seems to take the cake over anyone else.

"Can I help you Will? I don't remember scheduling an appointment with you."

"This isn't- this isn't about our meetings, Doctor. Can I come in?" He can't help but fiddle with his fingernails as he feels his gut twist inside him with fear.

What if this backfired? What if Hannibal found his proposal crazy?

He just wanted to know if they were friends, right?

That's all it was!

"Of course, Will. You're always welcome here."

Widening the door for Will to come in he doesn't allow time for his body to lock up on him before he darts inside.

Hannibal's eyes watch him intently as he goes. Trying to crack the code to why he was here this time.

Every other time he'd made a house call like this it was because of a new experience he'd gone through, but for as far as he knew the most recent case Will would have been given was largely mundane.

Still odd as murder cases go. But nothing compared to the tower of bodies of children being brainwashed into killing their parents.

Will Graham had faced worse, so why was he here?

"I know it may be rude of me to ask, but is there a reason for your visit? It feels like every time you come calling without an appointment something has happened to you."

Will lets out a nervous chuckle at that. "You're- You're not wrong in that assessment, but nothing has happened. Well I mean something has happened but nothing related to a case. Just– outside curiosities."

"Are you willing to delve into those outside curiosities with me?" He asks, raising his eyebrow at the evasive nature of the language.

"I am but I'm nervous about it. I don't want to mess anything up." He continues to pick at his nails. More and more as a way to move his body in some way. To relieve himself of this building and building anxiety. Needing to move but unable to under the watchful eye of such an imposing man.

"There is nothing you can tell me that would mess anything up, Will." With two strides Hannibal is suddenly standing in front of him. His figuring looming over Will he can't help but flinch back before having Hannibal place two hands on his shoulder. Doubling him as a way to calm him down and focus him on what it is he wanted to say. "I'm here to listen and help you. That's my job."

"What if I don't want it to just be 'your job' anymore?"

"What do you mean by that?"

"I mean," Will takes a deep breath as he feels his nerves slipping away from him quickly. "I want to be more than just your patient."

“I believe I’ll need clarification on what you mean by that, Will. That can be taken in a few different ways.” As he says this Will is surprised to see that he starts to smile.

While not foreign to Will it was still odd to see. Especially in regards to what he’d just said. It was reassuring.

“I like the idea of being your friend, Hannibal. I’ve thought about it a lot recently and– I can’t seem to get it out of my head. So I’m here, telling you that I would like to be considered more than just your patient. I’d like to be your friend.”

Hannibal stands there for a moment not quite sure how to respond. This is what he’d wanted– isn’t it.

While technically he’d wanted that for all the wrong reasons it was still happening.

Will Graham was saying that he wanted to be his friend.

But it didn’t feel right.

There was something off with it all.

He’d wanted this but at the same time there was something else to what he’d wanted, and it felt like that was true for Will as well.

“Of course we can be friends, Will. I’d been hoping you felt the same way as well for sometime, but was never certain how I should broach the topic.”

Will starts smiling with relief then. He’d been accepted! It hadn’t blown up in his face! Yet it still felt hollow.

Because there was the yearning to be held beyond just friends.

But Hannibal wouldn’t want that.

So while he smiled it also faltered. Wavering in such a way that Hannibal was able to easily catch it.

“Is there anything else you’d like to talk about?” Such an easy question with a complicated answer laying behind it.

Panic spikes back up with it but it had been asked, and Will didn’t want to lie to Hannibal about this. Better to state both now than have to deal with the continued festering of any other feelings.

This way he could at least deal with rejection now rather than fear it eventually coming his way.

“I’ve thought too much about this, that’s all. Maybe I’m more compromised than I thought.”

“Why would you think that?”

“Because I keep thinking about,” he clenches his fists and blurts out “being held by you! Late at night I want to know that you’re next to me in bed. I feel safer at that thought and find myself imagining what that would be like.”

He yanks himself free from Hannibal’s grip and stumbles back a few steps before whirling around out of fear. He didn’t want to see his reaction to all that, so certain that it would be negative he didn’t want to risk seeing it. Beginning to pace around the room as a way to give him some outlet for all this fear and panic.

“Crazy right? I know I’ve had to interact with killers that have– fixations with you. Maybe that’s all it is. Maybe they just wanted–”

“If you’re under the belief that their thoughts are interfering with your own then you are right. You have been compromised more than we thought.” Hannibal couldn’t help but cut him off. Better that than continuing to hear him discredit his own feelings. Especially when it came to him. Because hearing it laid out he knew that it was true for himself as well. “Is there anything else you’ve imagined, Will?”

He stops in his tracks at that question, “Just– kissing you. But those are more rare because I know that they’re the least likely to happen.”

“Why do you think that?”

Will whirls around in surprise, “I’m sorry?” his face flushing up at the seeming proposition.

“Why do you think that a kiss would be the least likely of these scenarios.”

“Because why would you want to kiss me?”

Hannibal frowns at that, “You think so little of yourself that a kiss seems impossible?” He asks this while beginning to walk over to where Will is now. Precise strides made specifically to appear as normal as possible, but also getting him over there quickly.

“Yes- n-no! I mean it’s you! That makes it-”

“Different?”

Hannibal is now standing next to Will. Looking down at him with those precise eyes once more Will swallows shakily, “Yes.”

“Well, I can assure you it isn’t.”

His hands move up to Will’s stumble dotted chin and runs his fingers along it. Will so caught off guard by it he isn’t able to process what was going on.

“Because I’ve had the same thoughts about you.” he says in a breathy whisper before lifting up Will’s chin and kisses him.

It’s far softer than Will would have expected but he welcomes the tenderness in this interaction. With everything else he has to deal with in life, if he's going to receive a kiss he’d

prefer it to be on the caring side of the spectrum.

When Hannibal pulls away Will's jaw goes slack.

"I do hope that was an adequate kiss. It's been a long time since I've done it."

Will blinks at Hannibal in shock, unable to fathom that it'd have been a long time since he'd have done that. He was a good looking man. As far as Will was concerned he could have anyone he wanted, man or woman.

"Ye-Yeah that was good. Really good. It's been a long time since I've kissed someone as well. Not like a lot of people are lining up to do it or anything."

Hannibal lets out a deep reverberating chuckle at that comment. "I do not see why they wouldn't. You are not an unattractive man." He again begins to trace along Will's chin. His thumb taking extra care to feel all the small stumbles that dot his face with an intimate consideration that Will wasn't used to. "Though that does make things easier for me."

Will sputters there as from embarrassment from the sudden pouring of compliments he was receiving.

"Do you still wish to only be friends, Will?"

"No!" he blurts out in a panic. "I don't want to only be your friend!"

Hannibal, again, chuckles at this. Such an endearing man he was certainly lucky to have snagged him. Even if there would be some– hurdles to get over.

"Good, because I don't wish to only be your friend either." His voice again drops down to a deep whisper as he speaks.

Before smoothly going in for another kiss.

This time, however, Will embraced it greedily. Moving his once shaking hands, now steadied at the acceptance, to Hannibal's face. Holding it in them he feels, in that moment, that finally his life is starting to get worked out.

He may need some work on it mentally, but at least now he has someone to go through it all with.

Though he's gonna need a new therapist now.

End Notes

I know y'all probably don't care but I've prioritized my fanfic career on giving twisted couples fluff. Maybe I'll do it for these idiots again.

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